Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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The Shepherd's Resolution.

[The fine old song was written by George Wither, a poet of the time of Charles the First. It was published in 1622, and is the first song of his long pastoral poem, entitled "The Shepherd's Hunting," published in 1633.]

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a wanton's mind?
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meaner, or more high,
Or the tortle dove or pelicon,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her good perfections crown,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, what with them they would do,
That without them, dare not woo:
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair—
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and go my way:
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom it's be!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.

Mr. Editor: Having seen various surmises in your paper re; securing the mesmer' in which the deception is carried on by means of which the knowing among them; left out me to inform you, that there is in reality no deception used in the performance of the Mysterious Lady, but that the passage of St. Paul." It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." To that I cleave, and herein I find rest.—*Selden.*

Q. What would you say to a bird, oil to wheels, or a loadstone to the needle, such is Christ to the soul of the believer? Is it gone to heaven? Christ is precious to his obedience, and draws him nearer and nearer to God.—*Mason.*

2. The name of Jesus to a believer, is as honey in the mouth, music in the ears, or a jubilee in the heart.

4. Death-bed repentance is a sacrifice made to God from the dregs of an unsanctified heart.

5. The love of Christ hath a height without a top, a length without a bottom, a breadth without an end, and a breadth without a limit.—*Anon.*

6. What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.—*Seneca.*

7. Loneliness of mind is not a flower which grows in the land of nature, but a production of the finger of God, in a renewed heart, and learned of the lowly Jesus.—*Sedden.*

8. It is safer to be humble with one talent than proud with ten; yea, better to be an humble worm than a proud angel.—*Secker.*

9. Men are out of their right minds until they come, by faith and repentance, to Jesus Christ.—*Bates.*

10. Charity, *is the soule of men*, is undoubtedly the highest, the noblest, and the most important charity. No one knows how much good he may do by dispersing Bibles and books of piety, which may have a tendency to make men wiser and better. Who can tell but with an expense less than a shilling, you may reclaim a sinner from the error of his ways and save a soul from death?" A worse doom than to be condemned to the everlasting fire and spend with God whose mercies are more than employ it as much a charity.—*Cotton Mather.*

OLD MAIDS.

BY MRS. HOOPER.

I would be an old maid—that is to say two years before I die. It is not the "prime," Nothing can tempt me back to the miseries of wedded life. I have once been first, happy as a subordinate and unconsidered member of a family. Now, with more consequence, in the highest place of a single household, elevated upon it, my dear young friend, it is safer to be done," "try me in any other way," but show me the means of independence, and I will thank you for them.

I shall conclude with a true story. The parties are not known to me now, but the incidents are not long ago, and I shall take the liberty to assume names for I would not recognise at this hour, my secret confided to me, though time may long since have out-lived the interest it had for me.

My mother had a friend, a very dear friend whom I shall call Agnes Gray. Her father was a country clergyman with a small salary, and the blessings that usually attend large families of children. Agnes was the eldest, and after followed a line of boys as long as Banquo's. At the home she left after her son, long waited and prayed for, appeared a girl, who had her parents' features.

The entire care of the helpless little creature devolved on Agnes. She had craved the happiness of possessing an object on which to lavish the affections called the tenderness of a mother. Agnes's character was formed by the discipline of circumstance—the surest of all disciplines. A host of turbulent boys, thoughtless and inconsiderate, had been hurrying right and left, and called forth her exertions and affections, and no one can doubt either as love or goods, but helped her on the road to her own. Agnes was thoughtful and sweet with a robust constitution, and its usual accompaniments, a correct temper and a kind heart. Her associations to others, were made kin to Agnes. The baby, of course, was the pet lamb of the fold. She was named for her mother, Elizabeth; but instead of that queenly appellation, she was always addressed by the endearing diminutive of Lizzy. Lizzy from the first, was the pet of father, brother and sisters at home; but the play thing of Agnes.

The old women knit their brightest yarn into tippets and comfortables for the approaching winter's cold; one, (oh, what an eloquent appeal was in those wrinkled old dame's eyes!) gave her own grandchild her best go-down hat, hour after hour, in her little lap, and the girls made her rag babies. Still she was not spoiled. Her natural sense, no sophistication that was like those flowers that thrive best in warm and sunshine, and that, after all, have the most rich and delicate perfume. She was a child of sensibility, and could feel quickly, with the quick sentimental ladies, the clear brunette tint of her cheek would change, and her eyes fill with light, and expressed her tender loving and gentle spirit. She seemed formed to be sheltered and cherished to love and be loved, and the whole family seemed to be secured to her by her devoted sister, who never counted any sacrifice made for her, but rejoiced in an advantage or pleasure for Lizzy. When Lizzy was about fourteen, and the pride of the family, Mr. Gray kept a free boy school in the city, offered to take her for two years, and give her all the advantages of her school, for the moderate consideration of fifty dollars per annum. But she

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bell, Auctioneer and Reporter, Merchants' Exchange, and Commercial Chronicle.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 14, 1834.

ASHES.
Pots 1 25
Pearls 1 25

BEESWAX.
Yellow 25

COTTON.
Louisiana 12 13
Alabama 11 12
Mississippi 11 12
Tennessee 11 12
Upland 10 11

COTTON...Duty...3 cts per lb.

DRUGS AND DYE STUFFS.
Alum 2 2½
Copperas, American 1 1½
Camphor, refined 37 40
Cochineal, Mexican 37 40
Indigo, Guatimala 1 25 1 50
Madder, Dutch 10 11
Nutgalls, Aleppo 18 20
Opium 3 50 3 75
Oil Vitriol 6 6½
Quicksilver 1 00 1 05
Sal Ammoniac 8 9
Sal Soda 1 1½
Shellac, Bengal 25 28
Turmeric, Java 1 10 1 12
Tartar, Cream 28 30

FEATHERS.
Live Geese 37 40

FISH.
Mackerel, No. 1 ..... 12 00 13 00
Mackerel, No. 2 ..... 10 00 11 00
Mackerel, No. 3 ..... 8 00 9 00
Shad 5 00 6 00
Salmon 12 00 13 00
Herring, Shore 3 00 3 50
Herring, Bay 2 50 3 00
Herring, Susquehanna 3 00 3 50
Herring, Scaled 6 00 7 00
Herring, French Isl. 25 30
Herring, Labrador 4 00 4 50

FLOUR.
Pennsylvania 5 62½
Baltimore, Howard-st. 5 62½
Baltimore, City Mills 5 62½
Baltimore, Susquehanna 5 62½
Fredericksburg 5 62½
Alexandria 5 62½
Richmond 5 62½
Petersburg 5 62½
Georgetown 5 62½
Brandywine 5 62½
Rye Flour 3 75 4 00
Corn Meal, Penn. 3 50 3 62½
Corn Meal, Jersey 3 50 3 62½
Corn Meal, Brandywine 3 50 3 62½

GRAIN.
Wheat, Penn. red 1 10 1 12
Wheat, Penn. white 1 12 1 15
Wheat, Delaware 1 10 1 12
Wheat, Maryland 1 10 1 12
Wheat, Virginia 1 10 1 12
Rye 70 75
Corn, Yellow 70 72
Corn, White 70 72
Corn, Southern 70 72
Oats 40 42
Barley 1 00 1 10
Beans 1 00 1 25

GUNPOWDER.
Blasting 2 75 3 00
Rifle 4 00 4 50
Sporting 4 00 4 50

HAY.
Timothy 1 00 1 12½
Clover 75 80

HEMP.
Russia, Rhine 220 230
Manilla 8 9
Sisal 8 9

HIDES.
Buenos Ayres 20 22
Rio Grande 18 20
Rio Grande, dry 18 20
Rio Grande, salted 18 20
Rio Grande, wet salted 18 20
Rio Grande, dry salted 18 20
Rio Grande, dry 18 20
Rio Grande, wet

Where the Old Cradle Stood.

Where the old cradle stood,
Now stands a chair;
Where sweet lips sang,
Now sits despair.

Where the old cradle stood,
Now stands a bier;
Where sweet lips sang,
Now sits a tear.

Where the old cradle stood,
Now stands a grave;
Where sweet lips sang,
Now sits a wave.

Where the old cradle stood,
Now stands a throne;
Where sweet lips sang,
Now sits alone.

Where the old cradle stood,
Now stands a crown;
Where sweet lips sang,
Now sits renown.

Where the old cradle stood,
Now stands a cross;
Where sweet lips sang,
Now sits a loss